

The Evening World.

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POLITICS AND PRISONS.

REPORTS that Gov. Whitman means to use prison wardenships to build up a faithful cohort of the Old Guard will win him favor from few save those who expect the plums.

A salary of \$3,500, house, servants, automobile and travelling expenses no doubt look like a good thing to plenty of henchmen who command votes. But the people of this State have learned of late to regard a prison warden as something more than a man who collects pay for appearing to be in charge of a prison. Thomas Mott Osborne showed them a new kind of warden and set new standards for the job. Not every warden can do for a prison what Mr. Osborne has done for Sing Sing. But the public is convinced that the duties of the position are not primarily political and that being a good politician is a very long way indeed from being a good warden.

Furthermore there is a section of the Prisons Law of this State which expressly provides:

No appointment shall be made in any of the State prisons of this State on the grounds of political partisanship, but honesty, capacity and adaptation shall constitute the rule of appointment, and any violation of this rule shall be sufficient for the removal from office of the officer committing such violation.

This provision was meant to apply to the State Prison system throughout, from top to bottom. It is difficult to see how Superintendent Carter or the Governor himself can ignore the plain intent with which this part of the Prisons Law was framed.

When Gov. Whitman removed Riley from the office of Superintendent of Prisons he had a chance to make prison reform one of the strongest assets of his administration, which needs a straightforward, moral issue. Is he going to throw it away?

"IF THEY PAY, WHY THEN"

UNDER the above heading the Port Chester Daily Item, organ of Boss Ward's Westchester County political machine, sneers at the people of this city and rejoices that, while the Mohan- sic Hospital and the Training School for Boys may not be built on the Croton watershed, the matter is "not to be adjusted in the manner that the New York City interests have been demanding." "The question of reimbursement will not be eliminated."

"The bluster of the great city," we are told, "has not frightened nor in the least alarmed the representatives of Westchester County."

"The settlement of the vexed question seems to have greatly pleased the New York interests, who are already congratulating themselves on a victory not yet accomplished. Later, when the cutting of the pie does not turn out to be as generous as expected by New York City, there will be another 'holier'."

That is the way the "vexed question" whether 5,000,000 people are to be forced to drink sewage-tainted water presents itself to the Westchester political mind: Either they drink it and be damned to them or they pay and pay well to be left unpoisoned. Westchester must have its pickings.

We were not aware that at the present stage of human progress one free community could be made to pay tribute to another for the privilege of having its water supply left unpoisoned. Does civilization rule throughout the State of New York, or are some of the rich rural counties excepted?

FIRES IN CONGESTED DISTRICTS.

YESTERDAY'S midday blaze that swept through two Beekman Street paper warehouses not only proved one of the liveliest fires downtown New York has seen for many a day but also demonstrated anew the difficulty of fighting flames with modern apparatus from narrow streets in congested, old-fashioned sections.

Subway excavations and overhead structures in Beekman and William Streets made things harder still for the firemen. The huge ladder trucks and several of the engines had to come to a halt blocks away while firemen ran long lines of hose from distant hydrants. Most of the streams were directed on the blaze from windows across Beekman Street and from adjoining roofs. Good generalship and "curtains of water" on every side were all that saved the block.

In narrow downtown streets buildings can do much to protect one another from fire by keeping extra supplies of hose and double pipe equipment on all premises. Fire in one building could often be fought not only by apparatus in that building but by streams from windows opposite while the firemen were getting trucks, ladders and lines adjusted to close quarters.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

"MANY business men fail to realize the vital importance of having copy of high quality used in their advertising," said an advertising man recently.

"Only the other day I was reading a booklet issued by a colleague, which contained some telling truths."

"He said, in part: 'With the successful management of factory and office, the principles of production and administration, with finance and such matters this book does not treat. I leave such things to those who have qualified as experts in them. I speak only of that which I know—the planning and executing of selling campaigns.'"

"Somewhere, some time, some inspired idiot sprung and started on its rounds this perverted proverb: 'If you want a thing done well, do it yourself.' Acting upon this illogical and unbusinesslike principle, we see upon every hand men who work themselves into premature senility by trying to be their own superintendents, their own master mechanics, their own bookkeeper, their own stock clerk, their own shipping clerk, their own advertising man."

An Admirer

By J. H. Cassel



As to "Friendship"

By Sophie Irene Loeb

ONE in these columns I defined platonic friendship as the interval between the introduction and the first kiss. But now that this expression is put to so many uses it might well be revised. I would say platonic friendship is a term now used for flirtations that are not within the law.

One of them before the public prints is the case of a young married woman whose platonic friend is the self-confessed poisoner of his wife's parents. She claims it was all purely platonic. Yet Plato certainly never intended that a married gentleman should engage a studio at a hotel for the purpose of learning languages with a lady without informing his wife of the matter.

Neither did the old philosopher expect him to go so far as to register the lady as his wife. This is certainly out-platonic. Poor Plato must be turning over in his grave at this moment at the platonic friendship is handled.

This lady had a perfectly good husband of her own, who now heroically stands by his wife and her friend whom she so longs to see and in whose innocence she so strongly believes. Surely Plato must be saying, "Strange, strange—what's in a name?"

No, my dear reader, Plato would not recognize his beautiful phrase. His kind of friendship was all open and aboveboard. It is the kind that a married man or a married woman can be perfectly frank about. It is no SECRET admiration society. No rooms have to be hired for meetings. The home of the husband or wife is good enough for the TRULY platonic friend.

No wary of a married woman who signs and tells you what a beautiful platonic friendship she has with Mr. Jones. If it is so, it is one case in hundreds. The minute the clandestine element enters into it it is beyond the realm of Plato. And, Memphis, Memphis, dressed like cupid, is hovering in the middle distance.

The divorce judges are working overtime hearing "platonic-friendship" cases. The defendants have been always learning languages, or having their pictures painted, or getting musical lessons, or being instructed by their chauffeurs, or taking treatments, or playing golf, or studying New Thought—all "platonic."

Such platonic friendship might have existed when gods were on earth, but not to-day. Distance is enchantment, but nearness is enchantment. We are only human. There are elements to deal with such as magnetism and personality and the attraction of the sexes. There are a few instances in which you may be sure platonic friendship has gone beyond the pale.

It is not platonic friendship for a married woman to have a man friend whom her husband has never met.

It is not platonic friendship for a husband to seek the society of a woman whom he does not introduce to his wife.

It is not platonic friendship for a wife to spend the summer in the

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

MRS. D. (sweetly)—Now, say "Good night" nicely to Mr. and Mrs. Brown, darling, and go take your little bath.

Mrs. D. (bushily)—Oh, is it time for the poor little kiddie to go to bed? Well, never mind, George, when you are grown up you'll stay up as long as you want to, won't you, dear?

George (recognizing the hypocrisy)—Aw!

Mrs. D. (indignantly)—George! Don't answer Mr. Brown like that. I declare, your manners are getting worse and worse every day. No one would imagine that that child had any bringing up at all, whereas, I law to run more cars," said Mr. Jarr, thinking it best to change the subject.

"They run plenty of cars," replied Mrs. Jarr. "It's all the fault of the women themselves. If you will watch like a cat that when they get on a car they make right at once for the most crowded part, just to see if some fool of a man will get up and give them a seat. It's just the same on all the lines. They will ignore the cues that are half empty and rush for the crowded ones, just to see if they can inconvenience any one."

"Now you are talking sensible," said Mr. Jarr. "I didn't know women noticed how inconsiderate their sex is. I've seen them refuse a seat and then remark to women near them how foolish men are these days, and how different it is down South, where they came from."

"Oh, you have, have you?" said Mrs. Jarr, with an ominous glance. "It appears to me, Mr. Jarr, that you take great interest in women when I am not with you! I am really sorry I inconvenience you by being in your company occasionally! If I hadn't been with you to-day I presume you would have given your seat to that bold thing with the bleached hair and have been on very friendly terms with her by now! Some real lady's escort will give you a good thrashing some day, and that will be nice anatomy for you, won't it?"

"Why making all this fuss?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "We can't even ride downtown together but what you seize every chance to accuse me of the meanest and vilest motives. I'm really a fool to stand it!"

"To stand what?" asked Mrs. Jarr, telly. "I notice you are sitting down making a spectacle of yourself abusing your wife while poor tired women are holding on to straps!"

At this Mr. Jarr arose with a set jaw and offered his seat to the standing woman, who at first refused to take it, but finally, won over by Mrs.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

MY Daughter, hearken unto the Song of Every Man, which he chaneth unto his Ideal Love.

"Behold, in my boyhood did I dream of thee and yearn after thee, oh my Beloved!"

"Yes, in my first youth, did I turn to thee, and found thee sweet. In my college days thou wert ever beside me, and none could part thee from me."

"Thou didst inspire me with dreams of love and urge me on to high ambition."

"In mine hours of struggle didst thou strengthen me, and in mine hours of defeat thou didst comfort and console me, and lead me to forgetfulness."

"Though my Father protested against thee, and my Mother wept because I would not depart from thee, yet I clung unto thee with all my strength, and with all my heart, and with all mine obstinacy!"

"Many damsels have sought to turn me from thee. Yes, they have reviled and scorned thee. But thou art still with me. And where are THEY?"

"Lo, thou hast never failed me. Thy kisses have never grown stale, and thou art never cold to my caresses."

"When I have looked upon fair damsels, when I have flirted with widows and courted divorcees, thou hast not murmured."

"Nay, thou has never NAGGED me!"

"Lo, though I go forth in search of diversion and leave thee behind me, thou dost not question me nor rail at me."

"And when I return, thou art always THERE!"

"Thou hast no whims and no moods."

"Thou art less expensive than a picture show, and more economical than a free lunch!"

"Though I become poorer than Job, I shall still cling to thee; though I become richer than Rockefeller, I shall NOT replace thee!"

"Thou dost not sigh after Paris hats, nor yearn after chiffons."

"Thou dost not require winters in Florida."

"Thou dost not call upon me to arise early in the morning, neither cover me with wrath when I do not return at night. Thy kiss is not one of investigation."

"Thou art not fussy concerning my neckties."

"Thou hast never said, 'How much dost thou love me?'"

"Neither, 'Where hast thou been?'"

"Neither, 'What hast thou been drinking?'"

"And for THIS, I love thee above all others, and shall cling unto thee all the days of my life."

"In mine old age, I shall clasp thee to me. Thou shalt be the last to touch my lips!"

"Yes, though others have tempted me, where are they now?"

"For verily, verily, cigarettes are as the flirtations of a man's youth and cigars are as the sweethearts of his bachelorhood."

"But a PIPE is as his wife!"

"And thou, my own sweet Brier PIPE, art my first and last love!"

Behold.

God give them wisdom that know it, and those that are fools, let them use their talents.—SHAKESPEARE.

Making a Hit

By Alma Woodward

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rubber bulb. These can be had as low as 50 cents.

The woman who entertains might appreciate the glass tubes for holding bouquets or single blossoms. A small rubber suction cup makes it possible to attach them to any surface and the clever hunter will find in them great possibilities for decorating the table. They are \$2 per dozen. In engraved glass they are \$2.50.

The little set makes a handy toilet table set, or a sterling silver set, or a set of 25 pieces. In the enamel finish they are \$1.75.

For the man there are sterling silver engraved or the initial or monogrammed, or a set of 25 pieces, and it takes from right to ten days to have the work done. A nice belt to go with the buckle can be had at 94 cents.

The housewife might like something new in table accessories. There are pickle jars, set in attractive silver containers, at 94 cents. Engraved glass jam jars with silver covers and a silver spoon are 46 cents. Sardine dishes of glass and silver deposit, for \$2.50. The woman who enjoys growing flowers will be pleased with one of those French enamel tins pans at 75 cents. The silver fork are beautiful, slender bouquets and can be had in prevailing boudoir colors. These are \$1.

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